

## SHOT IN THEIR GOOD CLOTHES.

The Gorgeous Uniforms in Which French Soldiers Have Gone to Battle.

The soldiers of Napoleon I. went into battle in their dress uniforms. His gorgeous infantry charged the enemy in fantastic gaiters with forty buttons, and the guard went into the fight hats which were decorated with plumes a yard long. Every private wore epaulettes. But in our great war, says the *Youth's Companion*, even the officers discarded epaulettes except for the most ceremonial occasions, and replaced them with simple shoulder-straps.

"Like a field of ripe wheat," says a French historian, "waved the long plumes of the guard when they went into battle, and the enemy, recognizing at a distance these intrepid plumes, cried in indescribable terror: 'It is the guard!'" And the battle was half won already.

During the campaign of 1859, in Italy, the Third Regiment of the French grenadiers, supported by the zouaves, were drawn up facing 30,000 Austrians during four hours under a boiling sun.

They were hardly comfortable, these grenadiers, for they were compelled to wear their immense bearskin shakos every moment of this time, to say nothing of their heavy braided coats and the knapsacks upon their backs. Under the murderous sun some of the grenadiers had taken off their shakos.

Gen. Wimpffler, who commanded the brigade, ordered the great hats to be replaced.

"The grenadiers," he said, "fight in their shakos. Cost what it may, we must hold our own. And now, boys, forward!"

The grenadiers saved the day at Magenta, and the next day the big bearskin hats could be counted on the field of battle by hundreds.

"One would think there had been a battle of bears here," some one said, with a melancholy smile, in passing the scene.

Several days later, on the plain of Medole, the Emperor Napoleon III, riding across the field, found that Gen. Auger, who commanded a battery which was the key of the whole engagement, had lost his left arm, and that his shoulder had been broken by a shot from an Austrian cannon. The General, surrounded by surgeons, was lying beneath a tree on the plain. He was still conscious, although speechless.

The Emperor, greatly moved and wishing to convey some sign to the dying officer that he was raised before his death to the rank of General of Division for his bravery on the field, unfastened one of his own epaulettes from his shoulder and put it into the dying man's hand. The General smiled faintly, pressed the epaulette to his lips, and died.

The Emperor rejoined his staff with one shoulder bare of its epaulet, and the rumor quickly spread abroad that he had had the epaulet shot away.

Even in the war between the French and Germans, in 1870, the officers still wore epaulettes in the field. At the battle of Gravelotte a squadron of French dragoons charged a column of Prussian hussars who had taken them in the flank.

In the violence of the shock two of the opposing horsemen, both dismounted, found themselves cut off from the rest of the commands. One was a Major of the German hussars and the other an Adjutant of the French dragoons. They faced each other, sabers in hand. The Major dealt the Adjutant a terrific blow. The Frenchman parried it, but the German's weapon struck his epaulet and cut it off; the sabre broke in two like a piece of glass.

The Adjutant sprang upon his disarmed enemy and placed the point of his sabre to his throat.

"Surrender!" he cried. "You are unarmed."

"Kill me," said the hussar, coolly, dropping his broken sword and reaching as if for his revolver. "I am not unarmed; I have a revolver."

"Bah!" said the Frenchman. "There isn't a shot in it."

It was true, and the Adjutant led his prisoner away. It is hard to tell which more to admire—the officer who, in order that his fate might be death rather than surrender, resorted to a heroic subterfuge, or the one who preferred to risk his own life rather than strike a disarmed enemy.

## The Manufacture of Type.

Gutenberg, Koster (if he ever lived), and most of the early printers made their own type, and this, indeed, is the germ and key of the whole industry. The making of the type is now a calling by itself—the trade of the typefounder—but it is most curious that up to the invention of the type-casting machine in 1838 by an American, David Bruce, Jr., of New York, there had been scarcely any improvements in the process since the early days. Then, as now, in all probability, the typefounder cut first his "counter-punch" of hard steel, which stamps into the end of the tiny bit of soft steel the interior part of the letter to be made. It is a patient man who must do this work, which is completed by cutting away all the superfluous metal outside the letter, leaving in relief the letter. A of the desired new pattern or new size. When a smoke-proof of his die shows the punch-cutter that his A is perfect, he hardens the bit of steel, and with successive blows of this die upon a bit of copper makes the matrix for any number of type. If it is a very large letter, the metal is poured into a mold, with these matrices at the bottom, by hand, in the old-fashioned way, and the letters sawn apart; but most types are now cast in the little casting machines, which will turn out a hundred or more type a minute. The type metal has been fused in great melting-rooms, where the lead, antimony and tin have been mixed in the crucibles in the proper proportions to form this alloy, which must be "hard, yet not brittle; ductile, yet tough; flowing freely, yet hardening quickly." It is kept fluid in a little furnace under the casting machine, whence, as the caster turns a crank, it is spouted by a pump in just the right quantity to fill a tiny mold which presents itself at the spout at just the right moment to receive it.

The copper matrix forms the end of the mold, and as the latter jumps back with its quickly cooling charge of metal, the matrix frees itself from the mold, the upper half of the mold pops off, and the formed type is tossed out instantly. Thence the tiny bits go to the breakers, boys who break off the waste "jets" of metal; rubbers, with leather-protected fingers, sitting at large circular stones, rub down the rough edges; girls set the types up in long rows into a "dressing-block," in long rows they are held while the dresser, with a planing tool, grooves their understanding and shaves their sides perfectly true. After passing the inspection of his magnifying-glass, the good letters go to a haven of rest to wait the printer's orders, while the bad are committed again to the flames.—*R. L. Bowker, in Harper's Magazine.*

## The Fear of the Dead in China.

The great overruling superstitions of China are, however, the fear of the dead and the belief in Feng-Shui. The latter word means literally "wind and water," and seems to typify both the good and the baneful influences of physical phenomena. It is the existence of these two superstitions which really forms the barrier to progress in China, because they interfere with the reception of foreign ideas and the development of industrial projects in mining, railway making, and so forth. Feng-Shui is defined, says the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ningpo, as "the path of the Great Dragon," who rushes through the air just above the houses, spouting blessings in showers from his nostrils. He flies straight forward unless by evil chance he should strike against some high building, in which case he turns aside at an angle, and so the houses beyond lose their share of his blessing. Hence the zealous care of the Chinese house-builders lest any one should build a house higher than his neighbor, and the singular uniformity of domestic architecture.

The fear of the dead leads to the most slavish form of ancestor-worship, and the first three weeks of April are specially devoted to the service of the shades. At that time every one visits the graves of his relations with offerings, carried on trays or in baskets. The cost of these annual services and offerings to the dead is stated by Miss Gordon-Cumming to be not less than thirty-two millions sterling, all to propitiate the spirits of those whose graves cover the country, and who are believed to be powerful for evil if neglected. The dead are even honored by the bestowal of new titles if there is special reason for distinguishing them.

## All the Year Round.

### Gambling in Mexico.

A short distance from the church, booths are erected, from which proceeds music of harps and guitars. In them the visitors to Guadalupe may gratify any fondness they may have for the great national vice—gambling. The strange, harsh cries of those who have charge of the business, as they call out the details of stakes to be offered and the result of each deal and play, are positively repulsive. The groups of players in each booth comprise men, women, and even children, of every class, in about the proportion in which the several classes exist in the country. There are small stakes and large ones, and the variety of games by which the appeal to chance is made seems endless. The players chat and laugh as they play, and though they watch the game very closely, and if their money lasts, play sometimes all night long, there is none of that feverish or excited look about them which is noticeable in the faces of gamblers elsewhere. It is evident that the Mexicans gamble entirely for the sport there is in gambling. They win or lose with the same happy look, the same gay laugh.—*American Magazine.*

## Breaking a Broncho.

Ambrose Smith of Big Spring had an untamed broncho that he wanted to have broken as a saddle-horse. He offered a couple of vaqueros \$5 if they or either of them would ride him. The vaqueros looked at the animal, but thought that riding him would be too much risk of neck for that amount of money and declined. Soon two squaws came along and stopped to look at the horse. Mr. Smith, in his spirit of fun, told them he would give them \$2.50 if they would ride the horse. They at once accepted the offer. The animal was caught and haltered and the squaws led him away some distance from the house. Soon after one of them went to Mr. Smith and asked for a saddle. No such thing had ever been on the back of the horse, but he let them have it. Not long afterward he looked out, and to his astonishment, saw both squaws on the back of the broncho and the animal going along quite gently. The squaws beat the professional horsebreakers.—*Inyo (Cal.) Independent.*

## He Will Get His Hat Back.

In a first-class carriage in Germany an Englishman was observed to be constantly putting his head out of the window. The train was going fast, and a sudden gust of wind blew his hat off. With a fearful oath he reached down for his hat-box and hurled it after the hat. Then he sat down and smiled on his fellow-passengers, but of course did not speak. The Germans roared with laughter and one of them exclaimed: "You don't expect your hat-box to bring your hat back to you, do you?"

"I do," said the Englishman. "No name on the hat, full name and hotel address on the box. They'll be found together, and I shall get both, if you see now?"

Then those Germans subdued and said they had always considered the English a great and practical nation.—*Paris Morning News.*

LONDON was not paved at the conquest. The first toll for repairing a road was for that from Temple Bar to St. Giles, the place of execution in the reign of Edward III. The city was first lighted by private lanterns in 1414; in 1744 the first lighting act passed, and in 1850 gas was generally substituted for oil.

It is better to rise with the lark than with the bent pen.

## PIRATES IN CHINESE SEAS.

Where the Business of Robbery on the Water is a Flourishing One.

Piracy on the high seas is now, fortunately, a crime long since dead among European nations. We must go back to the early period of Marryat and Cooper, says *All the Year Round*, if we desire to know of the atrocities and iniquities committed by the hordes of lawless ruffians who used to infest the seas at the beginning of the present century and carry on their merciless business of butchery and plunder. Our brethren in the Celestial empire, however, are slow to remove evils, and piracy with them seems to die hard. Reports occasionally reach this country of some European vessel being attacked in Chinese waters by the natives, but, fortunately, owing to the extreme cowardice usually displayed by the attacking party, these attempted depredations do not often lead to any serious result.

The China Sea is, principally, the happy hunting ground of these dastardly pirates, and nature seems to have adapted it especially for that particular purpose. The China Sea is, in many places, exceedingly shallow; strong currents sweep along its course, while numerous islands, with wooded crevices, dotted here and there, afford capital shelter and points of observation for piratical junks to lie in ambush until some unsuspecting merchantman shall have in sight. Vessels in traversing these seas have often to contend against dead head winds or calms that last for days and days. During these periods sailing ships have frequently, if in proximity to land, to cast anchor to prevent being carried ashore by the various swift and conflicting currents, and at such times present capital opportunities for the marauders of the seas to carry out their nefarious designs.

Although as the Chinese pirate is, as a rule, a most abject coward where Europeans are concerned, he is, at least, capable of striking terror into the hearts of his countrymen; and a couple of pirate junks, mounting but a two-pounder gun between them, have been known to blockade a port of 4,000 inhabitants and to plunder every ship that passed. In another case a pirate gang of 500, who had yielded to a rush of twenty or thirty blue jackets, had previously defied a native force of 1,500 troops and forty war junks. Directly, however, a small gunboat, manned by Europeans, appeared upon the scene, their career was at an end.

Chinese piracy is, at times, almost a business. A pirate merchant in the wholesale way will infect certain villages on the seaboard or islands. He will keep fifteen or twenty junks with a corresponding retinue of ruffians, and when he has secured his plunder he stores it in safety. A pirate in a small way of business, having once made a good haul, will divide the spoil, and then his followers immediately disperse for fear of an attack from another gang. The old saying of "dog eat dog" applies with striking force to the transactions of these plunderers of the China Sea.

## Beecher's Wisdom.

Every farm should own a good farmer.

A man never has good luck who has a bad wife.

The masses against the classes, the world over.

A man who does not love praise is not a full man.

A man must ask leave of his stomach to be a happy man.

It takes longer for a man to find out man than any other creature that is made.

A man without self-restraint is like a barrel without hoops, and tumbles to pieces.

Whoever makes home seem to the young dearer and more happy is a public benefactor.

The greatest event in a hen's life is made up of an egg and a cackle. But eagles never cackle.

That cannot be a healthy condition in which few prosper and the great mass are drudges.

A proud man is seldom a grateful man, for he never thinks that he gets as much as he deserves.

Communities are blest in the proportion in which money is diffused through the whole range of population.

Gambling with cards or dice or stocks is all one thing—it is getting money without giving an equivalent for it.

Newspapers are the schoolmasters of the common people. That endless book, the newspaper, is our national glory.

One of the original tendencies of the human mind, fundamental and universal, is the love of other people's private affairs.

This is a good world to sin in, but so far as men are concerned it is a very hard world to repent in. It is a bitter world; it is a cruel world.

## Modern Haste.

Nature isn't of very much account in these days. We hustle the poor old dame until she is so tired she can't keep up with the procession. True, we can't make a hen set until she is ready, but we don't care whether she sets at all or not. We have artificial hatcheries, incubators, that discount the laws of the spring market, and hatch out 144 chickens before the liveliest natural hen in the nearest barnyard can get a nest scratched into shape to suit her fastidious taste. We hurry nature with hotbeds and we fool her all winter with conservatories, we run past the swiftest birds with our railway trains, we make water run up hill and we take the sting out of lightning with a platinum tip.—*Burdette.*

Previous to the reign of Alexander the Great the Greeks wore beards, but during the wars of that monarch they commenced shaving; the practice having been suggested, it is said, by Alexander, for the purpose of depriving the enemy of an opportunity of catching the soldiers by the beard. The fashion thus begun continued until the reign of Justinian, when long beards again became customary.

UNTIL the introduction of Christianity the Anglo-Saxons all wore beards without distinction, but then the clergy were compelled by law to shave.

## Good for Hard Workers.

It is fully claimed and pretty well sustained that hard workers can accomplish almost twice as much and save themselves from illness and loss of time if they take eight cents' worth per day of the extract of the Moxie Nerve Food Plant, now costing so much discussion. The dealers say its sale is the largest ever known. If a nervous woman gets hold of a bottle she gets the whole neighborhood talking about it, and a woman's curiosity has to be gratified if it costs the price of a bonnet.

## A Natural Mistake.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, sadly, to the traveling man who sat next to him in the car. "It's a hard thing to have outlived your usefulness; I feel it very much."

"I suppose you were engaged in a pleasant and congenial occupation," ventured the traveling man.

"I was in the show business," was the reply. "O, how I long to hear the applause of the multitude and sniff the sawdust once more."

"O," said his companion, "from the last remark I should judge that you were connected with a circus."

"You are mistaken, sir," was the somewhat stiff rejoinder. "I was a ballet master."—*Merchant Traveler.*

## A Healthy Stomach.

Is a blessing for which thousands of our dyspeptic countrymen and women sigh in vain, and to obtain which swallow much medicine unavailingly. For no ailment—probably—are there so many alleged remedies as for dyspepsia. The man of humbug is constantly glutted with the dollars and dimes of those who resort to one nostrum after another in the vain hope of obtaining relief, at least, from this vexatious and distressing ailment. Experience indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a means of eradicating dyspepsia, in which a firm reliance can be placed. No remedy has in three decades and over established such a reputation, none has received such unqualified professional sanction. It is an admirable invigorant, because it enriches the blood, and not only this, but it thoroughly regulates the bowels, kidneys and bladder. The nervous symptoms are usually relieved by the medicine.

FULL beards were cultivated among Eastern nations in early times, and have always been regarded by them as a badge of dignity. The fact that the ancient Egyptian pictures frequently represent the human male figure, especially when of a king or dignitary, without the beard, would seem to indicate that it was a mark of rank in Egypt to be devoid of that appendage. In ancient India, Persia, and Assyria, however, the beard was allowed to grow long, and was always esteemed a symbol of dignity and wisdom.

THE first year of the Christian era began on the Jewish Sabbath, Saturday. The early Christians, until the era of the birth of Christ had been estimated, dated from the accession of Diocletian in 284.

## No Trouble to Swallow.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" (the original "Little Liver Pills"), are no pain or gripping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach, and cleanse the system and bowels. 25 cts. a vial.

If you wish to be rid of a bothersome peevish, don't threaten to throw him out. Offer to buy him out instead.

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No doubt can be entertained about the value and genuineness of Prof. Loissette's Memory System, as it is so strongly recommended by Mark Twain, Mr. Proctor, Hon. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Dr. Buckley, and others. For full details send for Prof. Loissette's prospectus, at 237 Fifth Ave., New York. From the System is taught by correspondence quite as well as by personal instruction. Colleges near New York have secured his lectures. He has had 100 Columbia Law students, two classes of 20 each at Yale, 300 at Meriden, 250 at Norwich, 400 at Wesley College, and 400 at University of Penn. We cannot conceive how a system could receive any higher endorsement.

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The Fraser Axle Grease is better and cheaper than any other at double the price.

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That tired feeling, impulse blood, distress after eating, pains in the back, headache, or similar affections tell some powerful disease obtains a firm foothold, and recovery is difficult, perhaps impossible. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the defender of health, in time to banish all bad feelings and restore you to perfect health.

"When I took Hood's Sarsaparilla that heaviness in my stomach left; the dullness in my head and the gloomy, despondent feeling disappeared. I began to get stronger, my blood gained better circulation, the coldness in my hands and feet left me, and my kidneys do not bother me as before." G. W. HULL, Attorney at Law, Millersburg, O.

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## "The Proper Study of Mankind Is Man."

Says the illustrious Pope. If he had included woman in the list, he would have been nearer the truth, if not as poetical. Dr. J. V. Pierce has made them both a life study, especially woman, and the peculiar derangements to which her delicate system is liable. Many women in the land who are acquainted with Dr. Pierce only through his "Favorite Prescription," bless him with all their hearts, for he has brought them the panacea for all those chronic ailments peculiar to their sex, such as prostrations and other displacements, "internal fever," bloating, tendency to internal cancer, and other ailments. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

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